

## The Professor Didn't Know That Pete Could Read

Drawn for The Washington Times

By C. L. Sherman



## BROKEN ENGAGEMENTS

And Their Aftermath  
Of Grief and Bitterness

BY PEGGY VAN BRAAM



LOVE makes the world go round, according to the old adage, and lies, more often than not, at the bottom of the tragedies and comedies of human life that may be read upon the grimy records of every police court.

And among these there is, almost every day, one or more cases of "breach of promise." Cases where women, with tear-filled eyes, and striving in vain to steady their voices, tell of the love that made the world so bright, and then of its withdrawal, of their heartbreak, and their suffering.

Just such another suit has come up within the past few days, standing out from among the others because of the romance and the good birth of both concerned.

It is the story of childhood sweethearts, of a boy and girl who played together in the mud-pie days; who went to school side by side and slid down hill on the same sled; and then—who grew up and plighted their troth amid general rejoicing.

But business took the man away after three years of courtship, and in another town, amid different surroundings, the boyhood love died; a bigger though perhaps a less beautiful passion took its place, and—he wrote and broke the engagement.

Hurt and angry, with the tragedy of it darkening her life, the girl brought suit.



Yet, wasn't it perhaps bigger and braver for him to tell the girl of the death of his love rather than strive to carry out his promises and marry her?

That's such a different side of it, isn't it?—a side that it takes tears and prayers and anguish to see, if you are the woman in the case, but a side that should be looked at fairly by the girl.

Love that is over can never be resurrected, so the psychologists say, and love that needs duty to keep it is not worth giving up a life to, is it?

That is the question girls should ask before they strive to "punish" and hurt and give vent to the anger, the dismay and the lack of self-control that prompt the beginning of most breach of promise suits.

## THE STAGE DOORKEEPER

"Did you watch the Fiji princess do her dance this afternoon?" asked the stage door keeper as he stepped in out of the sun. "Great act, that; and the way the women rubber at that costume of hers is great biz-ness. Funny how a brunette complexion and a hobbie skirt made out of the tail feathers of the wallahoo bird can come along and get the money when a bunch of perfectly good lemon-haired vaudeville performers 'bein' forced to do six a day at the picture houses."

It's the Clothes That Count  
"That dress is what catches them. I was readin' in the morning paper that they have to feed the lead pills to something like three million wallahoo birds before they get enough material to make the frock, and even then it's a study. In scantiness, as the fashion writers say. Only one available feather in the tail, the article goes on to say."

## Little Recked He; Or, Front and Back

All day long the gentleman with the whiskers has tramped the streets in the employ of madame the palmist.

He is a sandwich man, but he has



not had so much as a single sandwich all day. Personally, he does not care for sandwiches.

He is tired, dusty and footsore, but he cares not, for people are taking more than usual interest in his sign, and at heart the gentleman with the whiskers is an artist.

Could he but know? Could you but know? We shall tell you:

Seeing a golden opportunity in the facial luxuriance of the gentleman with the whiskers, the agent for a safety razor firm had crept up behind him early in the morning and deftly pasted over madame the palmist's rear ad a poster blazoning forth the merits of his firm's razor. If you turn the page over and hold it to the light so that the back of the sandwich man's sign is visible, you may see for yourself. And again, you may not.

and the Audubon Society of the Fiji Islands is raising merry Ned about the destruction of the birds.

"Understand, now, that the only way the princess can keep in right with the society is to have her little naked hunting party put aside their poisoned darts and magazine pistols and trap the birds alive. Then they deliver an anesthetic and remove the feathers painlessly and turn them loose again."

"The story goes on to state that the king of Siam has delegated the speaker of the house or the clerk of the senate, I forget which, to accompany the princess, and he attends every performance and sees that no feathers are carried away for souvenirs, and when one drops off he pounces on it and puts it away in a safety deposit vault until one of the royal dressmakers gets around to mending it."

From the City Market

The stage struck youth listened attentively and then moved aside as a man with a blue apron trundled a barrel up the stage door.

"I'm from the city market," quoth he, "an' where'll Miss O'Rourke have this barrel of chicken feathers delivered?"

"Take 'em up to the wardrobe lady," said the stage doorkeeper, and then added an aside to the s. s. youth. "The Fiji princess is going to have a new gown."

She Explained

"I breathe my vows from a surcharged heart," said the young man. "Nonsense, George," said the college damsel. "You don't breathe from your heart. You breathe from your diaphragm."

Salvage

Hotel Proprietor—Was there anything of value in the trunk of that fellow who jumped his bill?

Clerk—I should say so. It was full of our linen and silverware.

By JAMES H. HAMMON

Drawn for The Washington Times.

## ALGY

He Gave Her What She Asked For



## Loretta's Looking Glass

SHE HOLDS IT UP TO  
A Girl's Mean Trick

OF COURSE it was played on another girl. Girls are not running the risk of playing such pranks on men very often. Girl tricks played on men are always planned with two objects, which are really one. They are meant either to attract the man who is the victim or to attract a man who is observing the performance. And, of course, if the trick is meant to win the one who is its recipient, it is one of the coquettish, warranted-not-to-hurt, guaranteed-to-charm kind. And the prank that a girl heartlessly plays on a man is always meant to show off her power to another man or to impress observers in general. Fortunately, other men and general observers are not always caught with such chaff.

## Stinging Barbs

But the trick that one girl plays on another is apt to be set as thick with stinging barbs as a branch of well-developed Mexican cactus. And it has the poison that makes the wound of the cactus thorns so painful.

"This 'nasty, mean' performance was perpetrated on a guest by a hostess. The guest was a guest because she had attracted the interest of the man toward whom the hostess felt a deep grudge. During the morning of the day the girl guest spent with the trickster, they met the chum of the man concerned. He told the guest that there was a boating party planned and the man, his chum, would be around in the afternoon to ask her to join it."

What do you reckon the hostess did? It's the quintessence of feminine ingenuity. She took the visiting girl's clothes! How? She proposed a nap after lunch. She lent a kimono to the guest, who had only the street gown and shirtwaist

equipment of a spend-the-day visitor. Then, as if it were the natural ebullition of the spirit that always lies asleep in a girl's mind, she suggested that they wear each other's clothes when they should have had enough beauty sleep.

The visitor dropped into doze

oblivion. She was conscious of a bell ringing a long way off. But no one waked her. She fell into another depth of Morpheus' variegated domain.

A long while after she waked. Her friend, was not in the room. Neither were her clothes! She tried to open the closet door to find something to wear. It was locked. She paused, hearing murmurous voices from the hammock on the lawn. She looked out. The hammock was occupied by "the man" and her hostess—in her clothes! She was a prisoner.

The trickster was enjoying herself while the guest glared at her in rage—and a kimono—from the shuttered window of that upstairs bedroom.

The trickstress had received "the man" with the pride-raising statement that "Belle thought it was too warm to entertain beaux, so she had gone to sleep and did not want to be disturbed!"

## A Warning and Moral

Of course, the boating party came off. And the trickstress went with "the man," while the guest, in rage and heartache, went home. But—this is at once the warning and the moral of the true story!—the visiting girl wrote a letter to "the man." She had a fine flow of language when her wrath and her love were stirred. Of course, she quite robbed the trickstress of the advantage she had gained. Also of the man!

"You never heard of such a girl!" you protest.

Oh, yes, you have! Why, I can tell you there is no more space now. I'll tell you more of these evidences of woman's cruelty to woman!

OUR DEVIL WONDERS

Strip of sand, Broiling sun, Noisy band, Tan well done.

Two weeks' leave, Stagnation, Other word, "Vacation."

IF, when aeroplane joy rides become popular and empty bottles begin to drop out of the tonneaux, we hadn't better put screens on our chimneys.

YES AL IS SOUTH TOO

IS THAT SO WHAT AL?

ALABAMA

I'M A FALL GUY

PRIZE RIDDLE TODAY

IF ARKANSAS DELAWARE HER NEW JERSEY WOULD SHE LET TENNESSEE?

## MAMIE TELLS BELLE

Suggestion is Mightier  
Than Reality and That's

WHY HOLDING HANDS IS NICE



WHY is it, Belle, that men have been known to turn their backs on the shortest bathing suits ever manufactured for land wear exclusively, while in the city the only men that fail to rubber when the wind blows just a wee bit stronger than a respectable wind ought to blow are the blind ones? Suggestion is the answer, Belle. In almost everything except money and meals, the suggestion of a thing makes a stronger impression on people than the thing itself, because suggestion is first cousin to imagination, and without imagination we'd still be monkeys.

Why would the average girl rather hold hands with the right young man than eat ice cream?

When you come to think of it, Belle, holding hands is only an overgrown handshake, so why ain't it monotonous instead of interesting? Because, Belle, when it's the proper person that completes the circuit, just the fact that he's holdin' your hand, bein' a suggestion of what's so far down in his heart that he can't bring it up into words, is a thousand times more expressive than anything he could say on the subject.

That's why I'd advise all bashful, tongue-tied and thick-witted young men that are anxious to see whether two can live as cheaply as one to keep their mouths shut as much as possible and stick to makin' themselves understood by the noiseless method o' holdin' hands. It'd probably embarrass both of 'em to death if he started to get



red in the face, muss up his hair and almost choke tryin' to blurt out his feelin's in great big chunks. But if he just gives her a little suggestion of his state o' mind by takin' her hand in the half dark parlor and just freezin' on to it without sayin' a word, her imagination'll tell her the rest just the way it ought to be told, and they'll both be really enjoying it every second of the time.

And then, some day, after the treatment's been kept up long enough, she'll suddenly find out that she knows all about it without the shadow of a doubt, and they'll fall into each other's arms, and there y'are.

## CHIMMIE'S HISTORY

The necker grate thing Gorge Washinton did after chopping down the cherry tree was cawwassing the Delaware.

May be you think that wasent nothing to brag about, becaus ferry notes cawwase the Delaware aul the time now and cum back agen thout sayin a word about it.

But it was sumthing to brag about aul rite, becaus the Delaware was chockablock full of ice in them days, on akkount of the people not havin meny refrigeraters and not bein able to use so much of it.

## Nothing But Reebotes

Besides which Washinton didn't have nothing but reebotes, and stud up aul the way across, which you can easy see by eny of the pictures of him doin it. He cood of sat down like the rest of the soljers if he wantid to, but you don't catch Gorge Washinton settin down wen he cood stand up. It ain't evrybody can stand up in a reebote going across a river chockablock full of ice.

Cawwassing the Delaware was the ony way Washinton cood of got over to the othr side, and that's ware the P Russians was. If there was enybuddy hated it was the P Russians, but they thawt, the P Russians did, that jest becaus Washinton was on the othr side of the Delaware he coodent hert them eny.

So wat did the P Russians do but run up and down on thare side of the river

and make fases at him, wich was one reezun Washinton hated them so much.

"Fraid to kum across!" they yelled out. "Fraid to kum across!"

## That Maid Him Mad

Now Washinton wasent afrayed to do nuthin, wich was why he was kalled the fairir of his kuntry, so of corse that made him mad.

The idea of that, he sed to his soljers, akting that there way becaus they think they are safe. If I eivr did cawwase the Delaware youd see them run aul rite, he sed, and I beleve thas exactly what I'll do, just to show them wat happins to people wen they get to fresh, he sed.

Hurray, shoutid his soljers, hurray, we are going to cawwase the Delaware with Washinton. They wooodent of wantid to do it alone I guess, becaus the ice sertenly was farse, but if Washinton went along that was diffrent.

We are, sed Washinton, getting redy to stand up aul the way across. And they did.

## Our Grocery Clerk Says "Solid Ivory"

It's lucky for that errand boy of ours that he's a son of a friend of the boss'. He really has no wonderin sometimes how one kid can make so many mistakes.

His latest break almost lost us old

Charley Martin, an eccentric old geezer, but one of our best customers. Old man Martin came into the shop this morning looking as if his last friend on earth had departed for parts unknown. It appeared that his favorite dog, a rusty looking old animal, that he'd had for fourteen years, turned over and died last night.

Well, he went to look out the door while I was wrapping up his order. When I had it all done up in my usual professional manner, I gave it to the errand boy to hand to the old fellow. Of course he has to hand him the wrong package.

Maybe you've guessed it? When the old man got home and undid that bundle he found four pounds of frankfurters. And his dog—as I say; it's good and lucky for that kid he's the son of a friend of the boss'.



English Joke for Today

Doctor—Well! and did you take his temperature?

Wife—Oh! yes, sir. I puts the barometer on 'is chess an' it goes up to very dry, so I fetches 'im quart of beer, an' now 'e's gone to work!—Punch.

## On the Train

Clothing Drummer—I was in a town of 15,000 and not one of the people had shoes on.

Clothing Drummer—How's that?

Clothing Drummer—It was 2 a. m. when I got in and the burg was in bed.

## Only the Public

"Most very rich men lead lonely lives, but Mr. Gotrox has a lot of friends who speak well of him."

"Yes; he never did anybody but the public."

## He Told Her

"What is your wife angry about?"

"She asked me how I liked her new hat and I told her."

PRIZE RIDDLE TODAY

IF ARKANSAS DELAWARE HER NEW JERSEY WOULD SHE LET TENNESSEE?

DID YOU HEAR THAT CHIC IS OUT WEST

CHIC WHO?

CHICAGO!

OH WELL!

YES AL IS SOUTH TOO

IS THAT SO WHAT AL?

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I'M A FALL GUY